

*The history*

Out of those many registred in promise,  
Which you say liue to come in my behalfe:

*Aga.* What wouldst thou of vs Trojan? make demand?

*Calc.* You haue a Troian prisoner cald *Antenor*,

Yester day tooke, Troy holds him very deere,

Oft haue you (often haue you thanks therefore)

Desird my *Cressid* in right great exchange.

Whom Troy hath still deni'd, but this *Antenor*,

I know is such a wrest in their affaires:

That their negotiations all must slacke,

Wanting his mannage and they will almost,

Giue vs a Prince of blood a Sonne of *Pryam*,

In change of him. Let him be sent great Princes,

And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence,

Shall quite strike of all seruice I haue done,

In most accepted paine.

*Aga.* Let *Diomedes* beare him,

And bring vs *Cressid* hither, *Calcas* shall haue

What he requests of vs: good *Diomed*

Furnish you farenly for this enterchange,

Withall bring word If *Hector* will to morrow,

Be answered in his challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

*Dio.* This shall I vnder take, and tis a burthen

Which I am proud to beare.

*Exit,*

*Achilles and Patroclus stand in their tent.*

*Uli.* *Achilles* stands ith entrance of his tent,

Please it our generall passe strangely by him:

As if he were forgot, and princes all,

Lay negligent and loose regard vpon him,

I will come last, tis like heele question mee.

Why such vnpausue eyes are bent? why turnd on him,

If so I haue derision medecinable,

To vse betweene your strangnes and his pride,

Which his owne will shall haue desire to drinke,

It may doe good, pride hath no other glasse,

To show it selfe but prides for supple knees,

Feed arrogance and are the proud mans fees.

*Aga.* Weele execute your purpose and put on,

*A forme*

*of Troilus and*

A forme of strangnesse as we p

So do each Lord, and either gre

Or els disdaynfully, which shall

Then if not lookt on, I will lea

*Achil.* What comes the gen

You know my minde Ile fight

*Aga.* What saies *Achilles* w

*Nest.* Would you my Lord o

*Achil.* No.

*Nest.* Nothing my Lord:

*Aga.* The better.

*Achil.* Good day, good day:

*Men.* How do you? how do

*Achil.* What do's the Cnckor

*Ajax.* How now *Patroclus*?

*Achil.* Good morrow *Ajax*:

*Ajax.* Ha:

*Achil.* Good morrow.

*Ajax.* I and good next day to

*Ach.* What meane these fellow

*Patro.* They passe by strangely

To send their similes before ther

To come as humbly as they vs'd

*Achil.* What am I poore of la

Tis certaine, greatnesse once fa

Must fall out with men to, what

He shall as soone reade in the ey

As feele in his owne fall: for me

Shew not their mealy wings but

And not a man for being simply

Hath any honour, but honour for

That are without him, as place, ri

Prizes of accident as oft as merit

Which when they fall as being s

The loue that lean'd on them as

Doth one pluck downe another,

But tis not so with mee,

Fortune and I are friends, I do en